

## RHUBARB IN MANY STYLES.

The following recipes will be found good as well as seasonable:  
 To Can Rhubarb: Cold-water Process.—Select the rhubarb when young and tender and of a pretty pink color. Wash thoroughly, peel and cut into small pieces as for pies. Pack into glass jars to overflowing with freshly drawn water, put on the covers, and let them stand over night. By the next morning you will find that the rhubarb has taken up more or less of the water, and that there is quite a vacuum to be filled. Drain off the water, and fill again to overflowing with fresh cold water, seal the jars closely, and put away for winter's use. This, when opened, will be found to require less sugar than fresh rhubarb, and will make delicious pies and sauce. Cranberries and green gooseberries may be canned in the same way, and will keep for years.

Preserved Rhubarb.—Wash, peel and cut the rhubarb into pieces, then weigh. Place in a preserving kettle without water and cook thirty minutes. Meantime put an equal weight of sugar in a saucpan, allowing a pint of water to each four pounds of sugar. Boil without stirring until a little poured in a cup of ice water breaks like glass. When the rhubarb has been cooked enough pour the syrup over it in five minutes, stirring gently, so that it will not stick. Then pour into jars and close tightly. Keep in a cold place.

Rhubarb Lumps of Delight.—Choose young and tender, but plump stalks of rhubarb; wash, peel and cut in inch and half pieces. Weigh and allow as many pounds of sugar as you have fruit. Put the sugar over the fire with a half cup of water allowed to each pound of sugar; bring to a boil, skim and add the juice of a yellow rind of a lemon and juice (a tablespoonful to each pound of sugar). Add the pieces of rhubarb to the boiling syrup, simmer gently until transparent but not broken, drain, dress each lump with sugar, and dry on paraffine paper in the oven or sun. Use the remaining syrup for stewing the rhubarb for immediate use.

Rhubarb Jam.—Allow to each pound of cut rhubarb one pound of sugar and one lemon. Pare the lemon as thin as possible into an earthen bowl, taking care to remove all the white, bitter membrane, and slice the pulp of the lemon into the bowl, discarding all seeds. Cut the rhubarb into inch pieces, and put in the bowl or top of the lemon, and the sugar on top of the rhubarb. Cover and stand away in a cool place over night. In the morning empty into the preserving kettle, simmer gently three-fourths of an hour, or until quite thick; take from the stove, cool a little, and pack into jars. Cover with paraffine.

Another delicious jam is made by combining pineapple, rhubarb and cranberries in equal proportions.

Pineapple Marmalade.—Peel and grate or chop as many pineapples as are desired, using a silver knife or fork in the operations. Measure or weigh, and allow a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Mix well, and stand in a cool place over night. In the morning cook for half an hour, or until soft enough to put through a coarse sieve. Strain, return to the preserving kettle, and continue cooking, stirring almost constantly for half an hour or longer, until it is a clear amber jelly that will thicken into a paste as it cools. Put into small jars and seal when cool.

Liberia, in Africa, has neither clock nor time-piece of any sort. The reckoning of time is made entirely by the movement and position of the sun, which rises at six a.m. and sets at six p.m., almost to the minute; all the year round, and at noon is vertically overhead.

## SPARKLES.

Freda—"Now that your engagement is broken are you going to make Clara send back your letters?"

George—"Rather! I worked hard on those letters, and they're worth using again!"

"That new farm hand of yours used to be a bookkeeper."

"How do you know?"

"Every time he stops for a minute he tries to put the pitchfork behind his ear."

The parish priest was in his garden attending to his creepers when he noticed that a boy standing in the road was watching his every movement with great interest.

"Well, my boy," he said, "you'd no doubt like to learn gardening. You seem so interested in what I'm doing."

"Tain't that," replied the boy. "I'm waiting to hear what a priest says when he hits his finger with a hammer."

The class was discussing animals; how they walked, got up, etc. After she had explained the cow's method of rising to her feet, the teacher asked: "Do you know any other animal that zots up like the cow?" Silence reigned for a moment, then one little girl timidly raised her hand. "What it it?" asked the teacher. "A calf," was the whispered reply.

A negro Baptist said to his Methodist master—"You've read the Bible, I s'pose?" "Yes." "Well, you've read in it of one John the Baptist, haven't you?" "Yes." "Well, you never saw nothing about no John the Baptist, did you?" "No." "Well, den, you see, dere's Baptists in the Bible, but dere ain't no Methodists, and de Bible's on my side."

Southsyde—"Your wedding was rather quiet." Lakefront—"Yes; the bride had recently lost a relative." "A near one?" "Well, fairly. It was her first husband."

A certain farmer's wife in the north of Aberdeenshire being in want of a "sitting" of duck's eggs sent her little son to a neighboring farm to procure it. Having received the eggs he said to the mistress, previous to departure—"I was hidden squire the price; but my mither disna think ye'll tak' anything for them."

## TABLE MANNERS IN RHYME.

It is so hard for the little folks to be polite and orderly at meals, and they so often forget the rules with which father and mother try to help them to be gentlemanly and lady-like that it would perhaps be a good thing for children who are troubled in this way to commit to memory these rhyming rules:—

In silence I must take my seat.  
 And give God thanks before I eat;  
 Must for my food in patience wait  
 Till I am asked to hand my plate;  
 I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,  
 Nor move my chair nor plate about;  
 With knife, or fork, or mapkin ring  
 I must not play—nor must I sing;  
 I must not speak a useless word—  
 For children must be seen—not heard  
 I must not talk about my food,  
 Nor fret if I don't think it good;  
 My mouth with food I must not crowd,  
 Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;  
 Must turn my head to cough or sneeze.  
 And when I ask, say "If you please;"  
 The tablecloth I must not spoil,  
 Nor with my food my fingers soil;  
 Must keep my seat when I have done,  
 Nor round the table sport or run;  
 When told to rise, then I must put  
 My chair away with noiseless foot,  
 And lift my heart to God above  
 In praise for all His wondrous love.

Ten pounds of good hay will keep a horse alive as long as 50 lbs. of green clover.

## Almost Hopeless

## The Condition of Thousands of Pale, Anaemic Girls.

"Almost hopeless is the best way to describe the condition I was in about a year ago," says Miss Mamie Mannett, of Athol, N.S. "My health had been gradually giving way until I reached a condition when I feared I was sinking into chronic invalidism. I was as white as a sheet, my blood apparently having turned to water. I had no appetite, suffered from headaches and dizziness, the least exertion would leave me breathless, and it appeared that I was going into a decline. I had seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills highly recommended by the Newspapers, and I decided to give them a trial. It was a fortunate day for me when I came to this decision, as the pills have not only restored my health, but have actually made me stronger than ever I was before. I now have a good appetite, a good color, and new energy and I am satisfied that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I cheerfully recommend to other pale, feeble, ailing girls."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills quickly cured Miss Mannett, simply because they make the new, rich, red blood which enables the system to throw off disease, and brings robust health and cheerfulness to pale anaemic sufferers. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure bloodlessness just as surely as food cures hunger, and the new blood which the pills make braces the nerves and tones and strengthens every organ and every part of the body. That is why these pills strike straight at the root of such common disease as headaches, sideaches and backaches, kidney trouble, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and the troubles from which women and growing girls suffer in silence. It has been proved in thousands of cases that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure after doctors and all other medicines have failed. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. All medicine dealers sell these pills or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Annual excursions to Ogdensburg on Str. America, Thursday noon, of Y. P. A. Grace Church, Gananoque. Round trip ville, Ont.

## A STRENUOUS HOUSEKEEPER.

In the north of Scotland stories are still told of one of the most immaculate housekeepers that ever—in aristocratic circles—that ever lived. She was the last Duchess of Gordon, who spent the later years of her life at the Tower House, Huntley Lodge, she did not rule by fear, for her domestics loved her dearly, but each one knew if the sweet cleanliness and order did not prevail in her own department that another servant would speedily fill her place. The duchess had methods of her own for discovering dust and half done work. She flecked walls and furniture as she passed with a delicate lace handkerchief, and woe betide the housemaids if a soil was found on it. One rule of the duchess was that mattresses should be turned every day and occasionally a chambermaid found her fidelity tested by a handful or a few torn sheets of paper between the mattresses of her mistress's bed. The duchess had the most thorough knowledge of how work should be done, and she left nothing to the supervision of a housekeeper. Every day she visited the dairy, the laundry, the kitchen, the pantries and the cellar, and the smallest detail of carelessly done work did not escape her eye. Forty years ago a servant who could show a terse statement signed by the duchess saying that several years had been spent in service at Huntley Lodge, needed no further recommendation to obtain an excellent position in any great house in Britain.